

# On a Black and White Photography Tour of the Moon with a Sweetheart of a Ghost hanging on My Arm

*by* Darryl Price

Suppose you could bend your whole body backwards  
like she did, you know, like a taunt powerful  
bow and arrow kit, and push the rest  
of your truest self forward into his  
concentrating face, just like Georgia O'Keeffe  
in nineteen-nineteen, push it all over  
inside only for his general  
direction to feel? No. My gaze would certainly  
be more than just the official  
poetic curiosity at work,

posing the ultimate question of man's  
authority, stopping at yet another  
wondrous natural landscape, to be  
professionally framed in the matter-  
of-fact context of a newly crystallized  
awareness of beauty-- cloud-shaped or  
no. And yet she loved this strangely silent  
little man, what she saw in him, more than

---

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/darryl-price/on-a-black-and-white-photography-tour-of-the-moon-with-a-sweetheart-of-a-ghost-hanging-on-my-arm>»

Copyright © 2016 Darryl Price. All rights reserved.

the artist's urges, to so quickly uncover  
what he desired her to be. When

Picasso turned his young muses into  
a stained glass cartoon of sexualized  
beauty shots, collapsing even the brutish  
sun's rays into a junk pile of entangled  
Christmas lights at their bare feet, did  
he, in his wildest imagination,  
even notice the tears shed for his own  
lost, humane sympathies? When Cynthia  
Lennon missed that transcendental train to  
the new meditation camp on a near

future farm, (without fear and or hatred  
in her poor heart, God bless her, because no  
one was watching out for her, not specifically,)  
did the antique glass orb in  
her falling breath tinkle into tiny  
sharp pieces as it fell out of her mind's  
glazing eye, smashing onto its own black  
and white crumpled paper street, like so much  
already brown stained pavement or go unnoticed  
as a broken trail of sad trash?

Listen, in nineteen-nineteen, Georgia was  
in the perfectly beautiful nude all  
right, but she was the one setting up the  
historical shot, youthful, secure, possible,  
primitive, weather or no weather  
outside. So let me pose the question  
to you again, are you willing to watch  
the killing waves, knowing that your poet  
is even now preparing to sail towards  
you with all desire for you, that shipwrecked

or not, he will crawl on hands and knees  
to bury his face in yours this evening?  
The moon will have something to say about  
it all, as she always does. But, Georgia,  
you simply got to me. You'd probably  
want to give him all the credit. He doesn't  
deserve it. You're the one who entered  
his frame and filled it up with light and landscape.  
And made the impossible possible.  
After all this time, you spoke to me, too.

Bonus poems:

Poem for The Outside by Darryl Price

Lately I've been using a heavily  
opened upside down book for a new shell called  
home, unwilling to entertain even  
the very nice idea that maybe  
I should go swimming out there once in awhile. I'd rather  
look out from my own back pages, thank you, just  
surrounded by a tight swirl of folding  
around free floating words. I've still got a  
pretty good view of enticing pretty

seaweed dancing in the changing daylight, because  
of that I'm aware of the strong sway of  
the latest currents. But those huge angry  
dark shadows, still here after thousands of  
jagged years, that sometimes speed by at such

incredible speeds and depths really make  
me want to add a few more volumes to  
my already collapsing roof until  
I'm looking like my own strange standing up

coral, not looking for any trouble  
really, just being my floating part in  
the swirling about universe. What would  
happen if we all lowered our weapons  
at exactly the same moment in time? Lately we've  
all got so much dried blood on our hands. Lately  
we've all got too much permanent sadness inside  
of our still hurting heads. It's as if every  
window to the healing truth is fastened

together with thick mucky blue paint and  
will not budge open. We see the outside  
possibilities, but no one's going  
to break the safety glass first. So here we  
are again. Lately I've been reading the  
found notes from my own crying mind, like a  
mad scientist, like a folk singer, to  
find the quiet answer to so much gathered stuff,  
restless sleep invading my sun lover's dreams of soaking up a  
good life. dp

#### Flowers On the Table

I've got to find my own way to shake it off, that's what they keep  
telling me,  
but, really, I don't know what it is. All the ways seem made for  
someone else's dance

party system. That's the only thing I can write here down for  
sure. The rest is only

me pretending to be taking a serious nap, but it feels pretty  
empty, searching somewhere on the

inside of looking at my closed eyelids for what we lost when we  
were just beginning. And you still stand there on

the other side of my radio demanding some kind of perfect  
payment from my least awakened thought.

I know it. You know it. But I'm still flabbergasted at the distance  
to the sun and

back every day just to maybe find a poem among the poison  
mushrooms growing by the side

of the road to make you smile again. I thought this was supposed  
to make you feel

like crowing like you can never get enough, but, look, it makes me  
feel so tired, all

this trying to be something, I mean, whatever happened to loving  
the moment, instead of waiting for the right time to arrive?

It gets lonely. It all seems like a hideous crime that no one wants  
to say out

loud has happened. I can't stand having to play a game just to get  
you to share what's in

your head with what's in my heart. There's your poem, at least for  
now. My suggestion is

to use it to get into your dreams this very night. Oh, what have we  
done? Oh. Oh.Oh.

Happy(an early draft)

by Darryl Price

Are we happy yet? Life without sorrow is not life. Try again. Are we happy yet? Killing yourself for pleasure after pleasure turns out to be the opposite

thing altogether, but you already knew that. Try some more. Are we happy yet? Love is not all you need, unless you turn everything and that includes

everyone everywhere into love. Are you willing? Why should I be the only one, when I'm not the only one? Are we happy yet? My choice is true hope

I hope for everyone here, but you'll say it's another con game made out of pictures of hands because you can't please them all. If it did I wouldn't be

doing it right. They want a back flipping poet who is always on their silly sides. I don't want to be anyone's golden vampire. Check it out. Are we happy

yet? We've given the children's keys to the kingdom to the cloud people to hold until we get back from the Crusades with our bloody survivor stories to

tell. Are we happy yet? I smile into the mirror of your eyes, but it doesn't work out at all that way for me. Are we happy yet? It's all good. Try turning it off

and on again. I mean you've given everything you've wanted to hide away to these unfeeling soul sucking machines and now you want their eternal thanks

tattooed forever on your bank statements like Christmas cards? No thanks. Are we happy yet? Oh the magnificent bombs didn't change a thing. Oh the carnival

ride is over. Oh there's a big shark in the river. Oh I think we just may have misread the tea leaf vibes after all. Oh there's a feeling we seem to be missing

in the backs of our minds. Oh I don't feel so good. But you said. Are we happy yet? Oh you don't love me anymore. I'll put my pants back on. Oh she was the most beautiful woman I ever played hooky with. Oh you're kidnapping my laugh. Oh catch me if you can. Are. We. Happy. Yet? Oh give

